

SOURCES OF LOVE AND HATE

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All these are, however, only contributory factors.

The main and immediate source of the boy's dread that his penis will be attacked and removed is his wish to attack and remove his father's penis, either as a rival for the possession of the mother, or as itself a source of love and power which the boy wants to possess in love, instead of the mother's possessing it. In this latter situation, the mother is the boy's rival. Both of these attitudes to the father stir up profound castration dread in the boy: what he wishes to do, whether in love or anger, will inevitably be done to him.

Correspondingly, the girl's dread of being injured in her internal organs is mainly derived from her own wish to attack her mother as a rival, and get the babies and all the good things from the mother's body for herself.

This extremely brief account of the meaning and origin of castration dread may perhaps suffice to make the actual material more intelligible. Recognisable manifestations of castration dread are not very many in the school records—one would naturally not expect them to be. But those that did occur were very striking.

In some of these incidents, castration fears appear quite direct and open. In others, the child makes use of various symbols to express his anxiety indirectly: e.g. other parts of the body (legs, fingers, nose, hand, tail or hair), or external objects (stilts, shoes or toys).

Sometimes the children are seen endeavouring to allay and annul their own castration anxiety by threatening a similar attack on other children, or working out their phantasies by *playing* at being castrated, for example, when Dan and Frank bury their feet in the sand and then say, "Tell Priscilla to ask us to come and love her ", going on to add, " We can't, because our legs are cut off."

In the last incident quoted,¹ when these boys have been

¹ " Three boys bathing. All in bath together, getting out. X sticking out his posterior at a boy and roaring with laughter. All three boys laughing. One of them sticking his front out slightly and then all three laughing again. Looking to catch my eye, then laughing again. So infectious was their laughter that I could not look solemn. Then as they jumped out to dry themselves, I said, ' I really think boys are ruder than girls ! ' X. : ' Well—they've got more to be rude about, haven't they ? ' The air of superiority, iord-of-creation and tolesance for the other sex, with which he said this, set us alMaughing again. By the time they were dry and had their pyjamas on they were deep in a discussion as to how to make stilts, and what wood they would need, straps, etc., and the next day they made them/'